

The Cass County Republican.

VOLUME II.

DOWAGIAC, CASS COUNTY, MICHIGAN, THURSDAY, MARCH 22, 1860.

NUMBER 48.

The Republican,

Is Published every Thursday.

At Dowagiac, Cass County, Michigan.

OFFICE:
In G. C. Jones & Co.'s New Brick Block.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

To office and mail subscribers \$1.50 per annum, in advance.
5 copies to one Post Office address, \$5.00.
When left by the Carrier, Fifty Cents additional will be charged on regular rates.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

(Twelve lines or less considered as a Square.)

11 w. 12 w. 14 w. 16 w. 18 w. 20 w.

One Square, 10 1.00 1.50 2.00 2.50 3.00

2 Columns, 10 2.00 3.00 4.00 5.00 6.00

3 Columns, 10 3.00 4.50 6.00 7.50 9.00

4 Columns, 10 4.00 6.00 8.00 10.00 12.00

5 Columns, 10 5.00 7.50 10.00 12.50 15.00

The privilege of yearly advertisers will be considered rigidly to their business, and all other advertisements not pertaining to their regular business, to be paid for extra.

All legal advertisements charged at the statute prices.

All transient advertisements to be paid for in advance.

THE ABOVE TERMS WILL BE STRICTLY ADHERED TO.

JOE WOOD, of every description neatly executed with promptness, on the most favorable terms. Orders solicited.

Business Directory.

PROFESSIONAL.

M. PORTER, M. D.

Physician & Surgeon. Office at his residence, on Division Street, directly north of the Methodist Church, Commercial St., Dowagiac, Mich.

W. E. CLARKE, M. D.

Physician & Surgeon. Office at his residence, on Division Street, directly north of the Methodist Church, Commercial St., Dowagiac, Mich.

W. H. CAMPBELL,

Notary Public. Will attend to all kinds of Conveyancing—Republican Office, Dowagiac, Mich.

C. P. PRINDLE, M. D.

Office, at his Residence, Dowagiac, Michigan.

JUSTUS GAGE,

Notary Public and General Agent for the exchange and transfer of Village Lots, and sale of real Estate. Office with Jones & Sullivan, front room, second floor, Jones' Brick Block.

CLARKE & SPENCER,

Attorneys and Counselors at Law, and Solicitors in Chancery. Office in G. C. Jones & Co.'s Block, Dowagiac, Michigan. Special attention given to collections throughout the North-west. JAMES B. CLARKE. JAMES M. SPENCER.

D. H. WAGNER,

Justice of the Peace and Collecting Agent, Dowagiac, Mich. Office on Front Street.

JAMES SULLIVAN,

Attorney and Counselor at Law, and Solicitor in Chancery, Dowagiac, Mich. Office on Front Street.

COOLIDGE & PLIMPTON,

Attorneys and Counselors at Law, Niles, Mich. Office over R. T. Twombly's Store.

H. H. COOLIDGE. E. M. PLIMPTON.

CLIFFORD SHANAHAN,

Attorney and Counselor at Law, and Solicitor in Chancery, Cassopolis, Cass County, Mich.

CHARLES W. CLISBEE,

Attorney and Counselor at Law, Solicitor in Chancery, and Notary Public, Cassopolis, Cass Co., Mich. Collections made, and the proceeds promptly remitted.

DR. E. R. ALLEN,

Surgeon and Mechanical Dentist. All work warranted to give satisfaction. Office at his residence on Commercial Street, directly opposite the Post Office, Dowagiac, Mich.

MERCHANTS.

H. W. RUGG,

PRACTICAL WATCHMAKER.

Dealer in Watches, Clocks, Jewelry and Fancy Goods. Front St., Dowagiac, Mich.

GEORGE SMITH,

Tailor. Shop over Brownell's Hardware Store. Cutting and Making done to order, and warranted to fit.

A. N. ALWARD,

General Dealer in Books, Stationery, Periodicals, Wall Paper, Writing Shades, Wrapping Paper, Pocket Cutlery, &c. Denison Block, Dowagiac, Mich.

G. C. JONES & CO.,

Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots and Shoes, Crockery, Glassware, Hats and Caps. Front Street, Dowagiac, Mich.

F. G. LAZELERE,

Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots and Shoes, Crockery, Hats and Caps, Glassware, Paints and Oils, Hardware, &c. Front Street, Dowagiac, Mich.

MAMMOTH STORE.

IRA BROWNELL,

Dealer in Hardware, Tinware, Stores, Agricultural Implements, &c. &c. Front Street, Dowagiac, Mich.

MISCELLANEOUS.

H. B. DENMAN,

Banking and Exchange Office, Dowagiac, Mich. Buy and sell Exchange, Gold, Bank Notes, and Land Warrants. Pay interest on School and Swamp Lands, and Taxes in all parts of the State.

DOWAGIAC NURSERY.

SERLEY & CO., having established themselves in the Nursery Business in this village, will furnish to order Fruit and Ornamental Trees, Lawns Blackberries, Cherry Currants, Grape Vines, Evergreens, and every variety of Shrubs.

Office with Dr. Clarke, on Commerce-st., second building from the Post Office.

WM. P. COLE.

P. D. BECKWITH,

Machinist and Engineer. Foundry and Machine Shop at the foot of Front street, near the railroad bridge, Dowagiac, Mich.

Dowagiac Union School.

THIS SCHOOL is now well established, graded and classified on the plan of the best schools of this State, and under the supervision of T. S. WELLS, will give perfect satisfaction to its patrons.

The School year will be divided into three terms. The FALL TERM of 16 weeks, will commence on MONDAY, September 12, 1859.

Terms of Tuition—Foreign Scholars.

Primary, . . . \$2.00. Senior, . . . \$3.00.
Junior, . . . 2.50. Academic, . . . 3.50.
Languages, \$5.00.
T. S. WELLS, Director.
Dowagiac, Dec. 15th, 1859. dec23-35v1

WANTED!

5 YOUNG MEN, of good education, and regular habits, 3 young ladies of pleasing address and a couple of middle aged gentlemen, to make selections and purchases from a well assorted stock of Books, Stationery and Paper Hangings, which can always be found at

ALWARD'S BOOKS TORE.
Dowagiac, June 14th, 1859. jun14-59v

Gone.
When the place of our abiding
Is known to earth no more,
And the cold world, harshly chiding,
Shall repeat our story o'er;
Far beyond their praise or scorn,
Reeking not their blame or blessing,
O, my love, we shall be gone!
We shall be gone, past night, past day,
Over the hills and far away."

When the friends whose love has crown'd us,
In the life we leave behind,
And were wont to gather 'round us
With their welcome warm and kind,
Still our memory brightly keeping,
For the sake of long ago,
Shall repair with tender weeping
To our grassy pillow low,
We shall be gone, past night, past day,
Over the hills and far away."

They shall ask with pining wonder,
In their mingled love and pain,
"Shall the links death tore asunder
Never reunite again?"
From the dark sea where they drifted
To a dim, mysterious shore,
Shall the shadows ne'er be drifted—
Shall they come to us no more?
We shall be gone, past night, past day,
Over the hills and far away."

As the Arab in the desert,
Folds his wandering tent at morn—
As the Indian in the forest
Dims his camp fire, and is gone—
Is gone and leaves no traces,
Save the ashes smoldering gray—
So from our household places
We shall wander far away;
We shall be gone, past night, past day,
Over the hills and far away."

Far in the infinite spaces,
Past the broad sweep of the sun,
We shall turn our pilgrim faces
Where the new years are begun,
As the earth grows dim and dimmer,
Where the great Hereafter lies,
We shall catch the golden glimmer
Of new stars in other skies,
We shall be gone, past night, past day,
Over the hills and far away."

The Fatal Token.—A Romance of American History.

(Continued.)

During all the next day, Laura, having recovered from her fatigue, walked the room or sat at the window listening to the sounds of strife; her heart wrung with the agonizing thought that her husband might also be engaged in that conflict—and she a captive, a short distance from him, while he was ignorant of her situation. It was at this time that she carved her name on the glass, hoping that, should she be obliged to leave the place before she saw him, some fortunate chance might lead him there, and afford him a clue to discover her. But the long hours passed away, and the heavy firing ceased; yet hope came not—and, at length, exhausted and dispirited, she threw herself upon the bed and fell asleep.

"Is she rational?" asked Vernon, in a low voice, as he entered the house. "Say, Dame, how has she passed the night?"

"I know nothing about it, Captain. Alice has been with her all the time—and for me, what with furnishing provisions for the hungry officers, and scraping lint for the wounded soldiers, I have enough to do. I wish from my soul that your skirmishes were over. There's no rest day nor night with the hubbub you keep up. Here's the candle, sir; and you know the way to your ladies chamber."

"Still in this unceremonious slumber; muttered Vernon, as he approached the bed and gazed upon the beautiful features of Laura; "surely no poet fancied, or man's vision embodied a more perfect being. Not Psyche herself, standing in the verge of heaven—not Venus, rising in all her glory from the sea—could have been half so lovely! I must wake her, for our moments are precious. We must away. Her husband is prowling about the vicinity, ignorant that his heart's dearest treasure is in my possession. Should he learn this fact, and a change take place in the fortunes of our army, giving the rebels the advantage, this spot would be unsafe for me, and unsuited to my plans with regard to her. By this time, that rascal Thomas has accomplished his errand. His purpose is as dark as mine, though he pursues a different course. She wakes—Dear Laura!"

"Harry! Jeanette! Where am I?"
"With one who loves you more than life—your guardian, protector, lover, friend," replied Vernon.

"Take me to my husband."
"Your husband! hear me, Laura. Men are inconstant as the wind. Your husband has forgotten her to whom he pledged his faith, and bestowed his affections upon a low born girl—even her who has been an attendant upon you—the fact of having transferred your gift to her—might convince you of the truth."

"Stop sir—I know you well, and I believe her as innocent as I believe you false to every tie of honor or of truth. I am here a prisoner and exhausted with fatigue and misery—but worn out, weak, feeble as I am, I will not hear a

word breathed against my dear, noble husband—not one word of it will I believe."

"Madam you have the proof—the token that you gave him was transferred to another—the girl who watched by your sick bed, wishing every moment that you would breathe your last."

"False, false—her care and kindness would remove the base suspicion."

"And more than that, tired of thy charms, he gave me the letter I carried to you, to use to my own advantage, and lure you to my arms. Thus you see I have been employed to aid his purposes."

"Never, never, will I believe it."

"Tis true, as his own trusty servant Thomas will testify. Now hear me, Laura; forget this man who is so unworthy of you, and fly with me, where slaves shall wait your bidding, and the homage of a devoted heart be yours—this night we must be gone—"

"I'll hear no more, thou wily hypocrite! thou false deceiver! Darest thou thus belie my noble husband to effect thy own base purposes? I've listened to thee till the dark web uncoiled, and now hear me, false traitor, false to the friend who saved thee from a watery grave; false to the country which gave thee birth; and above all, false to her to whom thou hast pledged thy faith in the face of heaven—ah shrink at the accusation, but I know all, "and so," rising from the bed where she had lain, in the dress in which she had traveled—"and so you thought of me so lightly, as that I would desert a man I adore above all human beings, and for such a thing as *thee*!" Her eyes naturally so mild and dove-like, flashed like an enraged Pythoness. "Believe me, sir, men do but seldom know the strength of woman's heart when she really and truly loves. When interest or indifference has sealed her union, wealth or temptation might make her falter in her faith; but if she once loves, she loves forever. You tell me that she forsakes me, I believe it not, but even if it were true, no power on earth can tempt me from my pledged faith. Away! you have my answer, and mark me, I am not defenceless. Through all the horrid scenes which I have witnessed since, by a false message you lured me from my home—even in that vile tavern, where I overheard your plot, and the intended degradation to myself, through all the agony of the next day's journey, when overcome with anguish of body and of mind, you dragged me senseless to this place, through all this I say—this companion has been clasped to my heart," she drew a small silver dagger from her bosom—"now approach one step nearer, and it is bathed in my blood or your own."

For a moment, Vernon shrunk back appalled at the spirit he saw so suddenly displayed in one he had thought the weakest and most timid of her sex; but that very exhibition of the energy of her soul, had lighted up new beauty in her faultless features, and but strengthened his determination to make her his own at all hazards. To wrest the weapon from her trembling hand was the work of a moment, and he was proceeding to clasp her delicate form in his arms, and bear her off by force, when he found himself pinioned as in a vice by some persons from behind.

"No, you don't, you rascally red-coat!" exclaimed the voice of David Hoyt. "So the wives and daughters of our brave soldiers are not safe in their homes, while those they love are abroad fighting for their freedom! But so sure as there's a God in heaven, will I foil you, though my hearts blood is poured out in the conflict. Girl, the rope—quick—there's no time to lose."

"Alice, you dare not," cried Vernon, casting on the shuddering girl a malignant look; "leave the room, minion, and leave me to deal with her. Go, I say."

"I shall not go," returned the undaunted girl. "Sir, my eyes have at last been opened to your villainy. Yonder lady is *not* your wife, and you intended to reduce her to the situation in which your falsehood and hypocrisy have placed her. But the veil has fallen from my eyes. I am your dupe no longer. Dear lady, lean on me—you are pale and weak—the carriage waits below to bear you to your real husband. Here is the rope, good pedlar; take it, and use it as you will. We shall wait for you at the turning of the road."

"Alice! Alice! MY WIFE!" screamed Vernon, as the cords tightened around his powerless limbs—"Alice, come back, I will do you justice. Release me, good pedlar, and gold shall be showered upon you, that shall leave you no need of future labor."

"RELEASE you!" and the honest pedlar assumed the same attitude he had once before upon the hill, when he looked in the face of Harry Morgan's servant. With his large bony hands spread out upon his knees, and his face bent forward till it almost touched that of his prisoner, he said—"RELEASE you—to be sure—and for what did you think I FASTENED you? why, to keep you from doing further mischief—now, keep quiet, and hear me out. Do you think I didn't know what was goin' on? I had a message to her also; but you and that base rascal, whose throat I long to clutch, were beforehand with me. The poor pedlar had no gold to hire a carriage to follow—but alone, on foot, panting and breathless, he kept on yer track. God be thanked that spite of weakness and hard toil, he has arrived in time. To save him from yer clutch I held my tongue in the yard there, for I knew that one word would have set the brave youth mad, and placed him in yer toils. I let him go—but it was to aid him better. Now stay here, ye villain, tied up like a base hound, while I go to return a loving wife to her husband."

And not content with confining the arms of the British officer, David tied a handkerchief over his mouth to prevent his crying for assistance, and having fastened the ends of the rope to the bed-post, he withdrew, chuckling over his success.

"What are you about, Dame Murray that you do not answer our summons? If it were the beggarly Yankees who sought admittance, you might delay—but how dare you treat thus the subjects of your king?"

"Your pardon Sergeant," replied the house-keeper, as she opened the door. "It is long after midnight, and my rest has been so disturbed of late that I longed for sleep—not expecting the regiment back to-night. Then, there has been such a commotion in Capt. Vernon's room, it has turned the whole house upside down. I believe his wife is in one of her mad fits. I wish to mercy he would take her away."

"Hush your blab," exclaimed Thomas Clark, as he seized the light from the table, "I'll see what's the matter."

"Ha, Captain, in limbo," cried Clark as he entered the chamber, and discovered the situation of Vernon. I suspected as much when I saw that carriage pass down the road with the prize we've taken so much pains to secure—and under the escort, too, of that cunning pedlar—and proceeding to unlock the prisoner, he went on—"I have seen Morgan, and how you would have exulted to see the anguish pictured in his face, when I told him that his wife had deserted him and accompanied Capt. Vernon, her former lover, to the royal camp—that now she was a willing prisoner. And then I went on, and threw my own wrongs in his teeth. I expected to see him fly at me like a tiger; but, would you think it, instead of that, my savage story had no effect upon him. He forgot me and my story, and everything else but the one thought of his wife's desertion. "Why, why did I leave her?" he exclaimed, in hopeless misery—but then, as if a sudden thought had struck him—he exclaimed—"But Thomas, you may be deceived; all this may not be true. You tell me that no one came into my room at that tavern but yourself, and yet my letter, and a locket which I would not have parted with for my life, were stolen—do you hear me? stolen that night—now sir," and his spirit was roused at last—"I believe you false—you know what has become of both—talk not to me of enticing away a girl you loved, and all that nonsense. Had I considered the matter worth clearing up to your satisfaction, I could have proved my innocence long ago; but take care, fellow, how you trifle with me. I tell you again I doubt your words. I have fifty brave men under my command, and not many hours shall elapse ere this Capt. Vernon shall answer for his deeds; so you see, Captain, the tiger is roused, and you'd better look to yourself. The pedlar, who knows every nook and turning of these woods, will reach him, and tell his own story, which joined to that of his wife, will not tell to our advantage. The Americans have retreated to the shore, and will soon be on the water for New York—so if you wish to accomplish your work, we must reach the fugitives in time."

Dark clouds rested above the bosom of the Hudson, and through the thick haze which gathered in the atmosphere, objects at any distance could scarcely be distinguished. In the silence of night and favored by the darkness, the

Americans withdrew to their boats. All the rest were far on their way; but that commanded by Harry Morgan still lingered. The miserable husband gave no orders to move, and the men, wondering at the delay, and every moment expecting an attack from the enemy, had still too much love and respect for their leader, to intrude upon the grief which had so suddenly overpowered him, and for which they could not account. The pedlar had urged his horses to the utmost, and panting breathless, and covered with foam, they at length reached the dock, just as Morgan, unable to bear the suspense under which he labored, was about to leap again on shore, and dare every stride to encounter the villain who had wronged him. David saw the dark line of boats bearing away, and feared it was too late—but one still remained—and to assure himself that it belonged to the Americans, he left the females in the carriage, and with long strides approached the wharf. Harry instantly recognized him, even in the uncertain light, for the gaunt uncouth figure of the pedlar was not to be mistaken. A new hope sprang up in his heart, and leaping on shore he grasped the hand of his strange friend, without being able to utter a syllable. David understood him. "Now, Captain put off that gloomy look—we have but little time, and a few words must pass between us. I see you have heard a black story, but it's all a lie, man; a vile lie, and I'll prove it. Do you want an answer to the letter ye gave me?"

"Give it to me," gasped Harry.

"Wait a minute, I've left it yonder," and without further explanation, he strode back to the carriage and returned with his fair charges.

"Here 'tis, safe and sound," and Laura sank fainting upon her husband's bosom.

The honest pedlar stood by, with tears glistening in his eyes, and his broad chest heaving with the excitement of his feelings. But his good sense told him it was no time to give way to such emotions, however noble. "Take her on board, Captain, take her on board, she's a tender lamb, and needs gentle care. Here is one will aid ye; I know she will," and turning to Alice who stood weeping at the scene—"Here's one Mr. Morgan, who will explain all. You may believe her—"

"There they are, there they are," shouted a voice, "On men to the combat! England and King George, down with the rebels!" and Vernon with a large body of men rushed down the hill toward the ill-fated boat. Harry bore his recovered treasure on board the boat, and leaving her to the care of Alice, seized his arms and telling his men it was a strife of life or death, rushed to the encounter. A few moments more would have enabled the little crew to escape, but now it was too late.

Morgan and Vernon were instantly engaged, and Thomas agreeably to the direction of Vernon, leaped on board the craft for the purpose of again securing the person of Laura. She had recovered from her swoon, and sat with clasped hands, and eyes fixed upon the door of the cabin where her husband had disappeared. The villain rushed towards her, but stopped as if paralyzed, "Alice!" he exclaimed, "Alice Edwards, can that be you?"

"Mr. Clarke are you then armed against your country? and more than all against your benefactor? one who has been the greatest, the only real friend you ever had?"

"My friend Alice! he who lured you from me, and has been the bane and curse of my life."

"He! he enticed me to evil! wretch, how you have wronged him—it was he who warned me against the arts of the man who has ruined me, who under pretence of honorable love lured me from my home, but whose wife I firmly believe in the face of heaven I am, though he denies it now."

"His name, asked Clarke seizing her delicate wrist with a vice like grip that caused her to utter a cry of pain. "Vernon—Captain Vernon! and a greater villain does not live." Dashing away the hand of the girl, Clarke rushed from the boat. Harry was fast yielding to the numerous enemies around him, the sword of Vernon was raised to kill his defenceless victim, when like a tiger, Clarke sprang at his throat, not a word did he utter, but as if speechless with rage he kept his convulsive hold till the face turned livid—all the while keeping his eye fixed upon the shrinking form of the other.

"What means this, Thomas?" "you will strangle him," cried Harry. "It means that he has made my life a curse and I have wronged you, my beloved master, my more than friend. Fiend, deceiver, destroyer of innocence! take thy reward,"—and lifting the powerless body he dashed it into the river. It rose a moment, gave a faint struggle and all was over.

Thomas, his vengeance appeased now turned to the assistance of Morgan, seeing this and the fall of their leader, the British began to give way. "To the boat, to the boat, Mr. Morgan," cried Thomas, there are more in pursuit, push from the wharf, and you are safe except from stray shot."

Yielding to his advice, Harry returned, and calling on his men to use every exertion, the boat started gallantly on its course, and they soon rejoined their companions.

And now in the quiet of that little cabin the events we have related were recapitulated. "All's well that ends well" and Laura and her husband were never after separated. The FATAL TOKEN restored to its proper owner by Alice, is still preserved in the family of Morgan. It is pure gold encircled with precious gems. David Hoyt was soon after wedded to his merry Lucy, and we have heard that smiles began again to play around the lips of the gentle Alice, as she consented to reward the well-earned fidelity of her early lover. Thomas Clark, whose reform was complete, and as from boy to man, so from manhood to old age, he continued in the family of the master, he now loved as much as he had formerly hated.

Social Amusements.
Put no obstacle in the way of the enjoyment of every thing that wealth and liberty can contribute to divert the spirits and gratify the imagination, and elevate the heart; but let it be remembered, that over all these preparations, the spirit of intelligence and discretion should preside; and that there can be no permanent happiness where there is a departure from propriety. He is not the kindest friend, who pours forth the most liberally of his abundance; but he who so manages his contributions, that, while he promotes the innocent hilarity, he does not jeopardize the moral habits of the companions collected around him.

We are getting to be more dull, and grave, and phlegmatic, than is wise or prudent. The plan of our associations is too strictly utilitarian. We prance off and pare down, until the fruits, as well as foliage, is in danger of destruction. We are very little of an imaginative people. There is not much that seems to us expedient, unless its exact value is first mathematically ascertained. The may-pole and the liberty pole are cut down; the sports and gambols of merry England, the jocund hilarity of beautiful France, the song, the dance, the improvisatore of romantic Italy, are out of season and out of climate; and our public days are too often days of disgraceful intemperance, because there are no national games, no lawful, pleasurable pastimes, which may be honestly substituted for the daily labor of life.—James T. Austin.

BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.—You cannot go into the meadow, and pluck up a single daisy by the roots, without breaking up a society of nice relations, and detecting a principle more extensive and more refined than mere gravitation. The handful of earth that follows the finny roots of the little flower is replete with social elements. A little social circle has been around that germinating daisy. The sun-beam and dew-drops met there; and the soft summer breeze came whispering through the tall grass to join the silent concert. The earth took them to the daisy gem; and all went to work to show that flower to the sun. Each mingled in the honey of its influence, and they poured the "exquisite thing" with an almighty that made it grow. And when it lifted its eyes toward the sky they wove a soft carpet of grass for its feet. And the sun saw it through the green leaves and smiled as he passed on; and, by starlight and the moonlight, they worked on. And the daisy lifted up its head, and one morning while the sun was looking, it put on its silver-rimmed diadem, and showed its yellow petals to the stars.

Living death is a drunkard's existence—no enjoyment, no comfort in the inebriating cup. Home loses every attraction; endearing ties are once held him close to his circle, is broken by the demon that lures to destruction. Young men! every day we see these things around you. Take warning from the past, and learn wisdom from the future.

"How dreadful that cigar smells!" exclaimed Cushing to a companion. "Why, it's an awful smelling thing!"

"O, no it is not the cigar that smells," was the reply.

"What is it then?" inquired Cushing.

"Why it's your nose that smells, of course—that's what noses are made for."

Cushing did not speak for five minutes.

Rainy Days.

"Into each life some rain must fall." Sunshine is very beautiful, and all young hearts revel in it; but it is never so lovely as when it wraps the earth in a robe of light, after a period of storms. It is not natural for youth, with its bright hopes and ardent energy, to rejoice in the day which is curtailed by a leaden sky, and fringed with the dripping rain.

Yet I would plead for a rainy day. It brings with it quiet home pleasures which should endure it to those whose chosen resting place is by the fireside. It gives space for thought and reflection, for looking inward upon our own hearts, which cannot be enjoyed when the flashing light, the sapphire sky, and all the golden glory of a sunny day are dissipating thought, and woeing us to enter the great world without. It brings the members of a family closer together, and unites them by a stronger tie.

The little daughter of a fashionable mother once said to me, on a dark and lowering day:

"I do hope it will rain fast this afternoon."

"Why?"

"Because if it rains, mother will stay home with us, and I can get her to dress my doll."

Music never sounds more sweetly than when, between each dying chord, the low patter of the rain upon the roof comes in for an accompaniment.

What is more musical than the rain itself? How it dashes over your head, and drifts you along to dreamland, when at night its countless performers take up the song of the stars! How it taps at your window pane with its crystalline fingers, and wakens you to earnest effort in the morning!

How sweet the ripple of melody which it stirs in the book when the drops from above meet and shake hands with the drops that are sleeping below! How soft the lullaby which it falls into the upturned chalice of the thirsty flowers.

"Well, Jane, this is a queer world," said a *cara sposa* to his wife at breakfast, the other morning; "a set of women philosophers have just sprung up."

"Indeed," said Jane, "and what do they hold?"

"The strongest thing in nature," said he, their tongues.

FOR CHILBLAINS.—Immerse the feet in salt water as hot as can be borne. Have a kettle of boiling water by you, and gradually increase the temperature by pouring it in. The feet will become puffy and swollen. Keep the feet in for half an hour or longer, and then wipe dry, and go to bed, and it will be found that the soreness and inflammation has entirely subsided. Remember this, it is so simple and effectual.

CRAMBERRY PUDDING.—Boil one pint and a half of cranberries cleared of the stalks in four ounces of sugar and water, until they are broken and form a kind of jam; make up a large ball of it; cover it well with rice washed clean and dry; then round each fold a floured piece of cloth, which tie as for dumplings. Boil them for one hour; sift sugar over when served, and